



T. P. in part



John Carter Brown.

-16/6

1290.

C

By Thomas Boulton
Sep. vii

The

I. P. Y. & S. E.

at

in the E. M.

at

Seven Parts:

containing,

Reflections upon

Farinwell.

Calms.

Moderate Breeze.

Hard Gale

Shipwreck.

Schweatme.

Refuge.

Refuge.

When she is down to the sea in ships,
that is, in great waters; there
see the work of the Lord, who hinders
in the deep. Psalm. cxviii. ver. 23, 24.

+++++

I. P. Y. & S. E.

for the Author.

MDCCLXXIII.

To the Rev. Joseph W. Weller

T H E
V O Y A G E,
A
P O E M
I N

S E V E N P A R T S :

C O N T A I N I N G,

R E F L E C T I O N S U P O N

A FAREWELL.

CALM.

MODERATE BREEZE.

HARD GALE.

SHIPWRECK.

DELIVERANCE.

A N D

RETURN.

*They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do
Business in great Waters; these see the Works
of the LORD, and his Wonders in the Deep.*

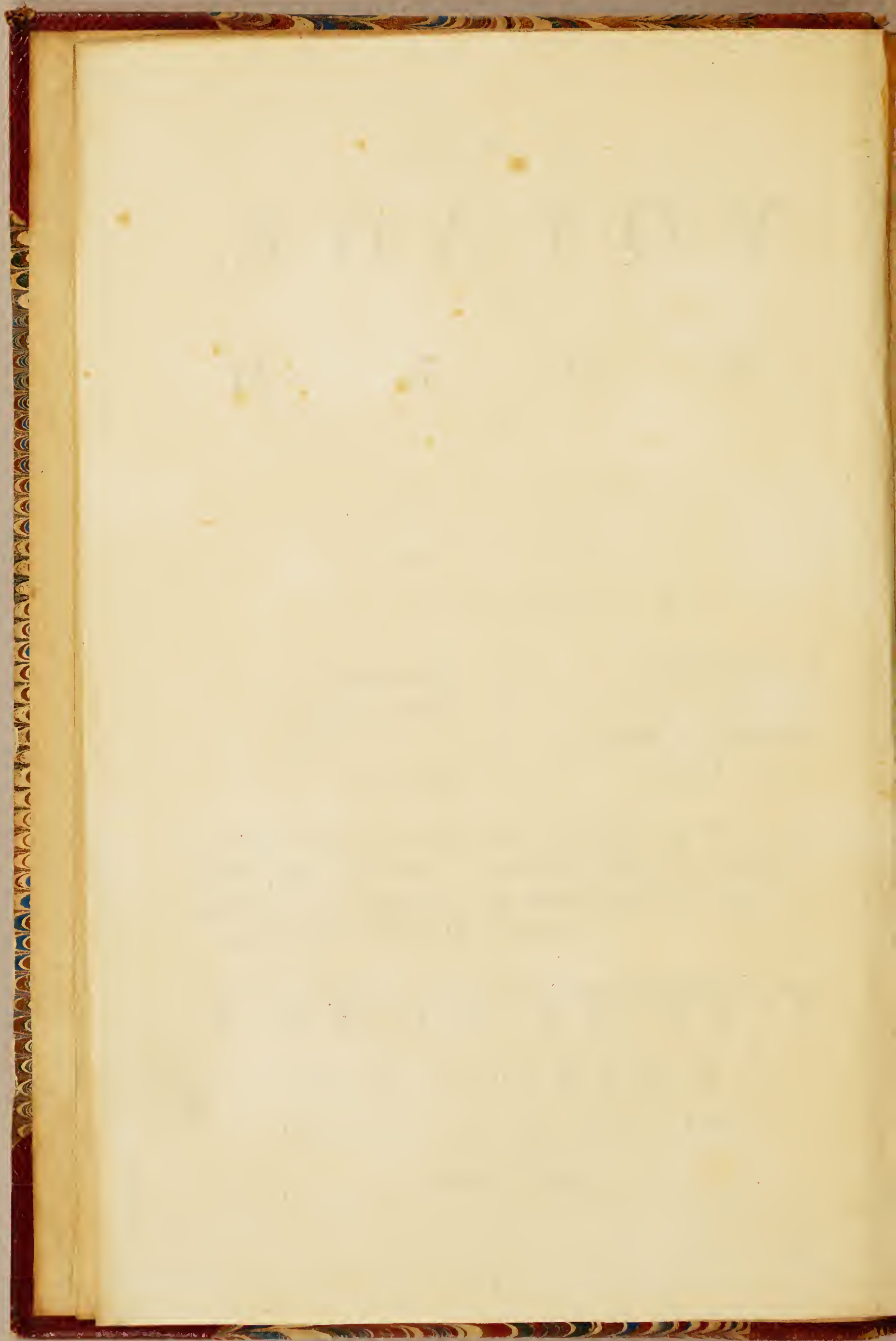
P S A L M CVII. Ver. 23, 24.



B O S T O N : N. E.

P R I N T E D F O R T H E A U T H O R.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

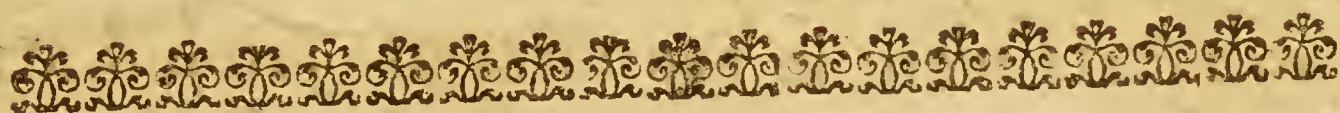




To the H O N O R A B L E

JOSEPH WANTON, ESQ.

GOVERNOR of RHODE-ISLAND, &c. &c.



MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR,

S

O C R A T E S, in his arguments upon the frailty of human nature, tells us, that a weak fabric stands in need of a good support ;---and common understanding is sufficient to vindicate the assertion. This, may it please

iv DEDICATION.

please your honor, was my chief, my only incentive, to dedicate this piece to you ; conscious that its defects are numerous, and therefore stands in need of some superior assistance. Nothing is more common, than to see dedications and prefaces stuffed with flattery, and dissimulation ; private interest is now too frequently made use of under the disguise of public good ; and false patriots in these days are as numerous as false prophets were in the days of Jeremiah ; making use of the word LIBERTY as a disguise to screen the worst of vices ; which is in reality hypocrisy.

I WOULD not, may it please your honor, be understood to mean such patriotic WORTHIES as the PENNSYLVANIA FARMER, by no means ! He is an honor to his country ; and his writings not only display his Genius, but his rational faculties.

BUT

DEDICATION. v

BUT as a stranger entering into a garden, would make choice of the most fragrant flowers, or the most delicious fruit ; so would I who am here a stranger, make choice of a patron whose character is not only the admiration of the great, but also the imitation of the good :----Nor is this flattery ; for your honor may assure yourself that the author of this piece cannot, will not be biassed by the prevalence of fortune, or dismayed by threatening adversity.

MAY your honour be long spared to act in your exalted station, with that consistency as becomes a true patriot, and well-wisher to his country.

AND after a well spent life here, may you be advanced to those abodes
of

vi DEDICATION.

of blifs, where even the wicked ceafe
from troubling. Theſe wiſhes are
breathed with ſincerity by your
HONOR'S moſt obedient,

H U M B L E

S E R V A N T,

T H O M A S B O U L T O N.

THE
VOYAGE.
PART I.

A FAREWELL.

DIEU fair ALBION's vales and
[tow'ring hills
A Which oft with joy, but now with
[sorrow fills

This penfive breast, which bodes to heave no more,
With the soft transports of thy native shore.
To scorching AFRIC fortune bids me roam

In

In quest of riches—hardly gain'd at home.
Oh thirst of gold ! how pow'rful is thy sway ?
What crouds, by thee, are daily borne away }
From placid rivers to a boist'rous sea ?
From scenes of bliss, if ought could bless mankind,
When av'rice, or ambition fires the mind.
While I reluctant, sigh a last adieu,
The low'ring clefts escape my eager view.
And in the dreary waste of sea and air,
Creation nearly seems to disappear.
But not the less reflection's magic power,
This, mighty void, with phantoms peoples o'er,
Revives each tender scene I liv'd before,
Only to make me feel the loss the more.
My widow'd spouse, two tender babes her care,
In constant pressure on my spirits bear.
Hard seem'd her fate, while I the burden shar'd
Alone ! kind HEAVEN, how infinitely hard.
Oh ! may my G O D, said I, the pittance grant,
To place her some removes from pinching want ;
To fill those little mouths with daily bread,
And shelter them in some convenient shed.
Regardless of the bluster of the great,

I'd

I'd hug contentment, in my humble state.
Discharge my duty in my narrow sphere,
And leave the proud to glare and domineer.

B u t when or where that state of wish'd repose,
The blest, the kind Omniscient only knows.
Then peace my breast ! My anxious thoughts be still,
Resign our fate to his almighty will.

Resolv'd to leave no duty unessay'd,
No suff'rer to reproach refused aid.

But now methinks I see my fair in tears,
And virtue in distress, so bright appears,
It adds new lustre to the face it wears.

}

Cease ! Cease my fair, why will my LAURA mourn ?

Her STREPHON may again e'er long return ;

Let but a few dull tedious months be o'er,

And he again shall visit ALBION's shore.

Nor shall thy abience change, or time remove

A single jot of STREPHON's ardent love.

Laugh at these lines ; or censure here my page,

Ye libertines, of this degen'rate age.

Boast of your perjuries unto the fair ;

Or say each toast could with my nymph compare.

B

But

But first, this motto to your mem'ry show,
Ye cannot judge of what ye do not know:
My FAIR was good, was kind, was all that's just,
'Twould be a crime such virtue to distrust:
In her dear breast, even envy cannot find
An Imperfection of her lovely mind.
Nor is't her outward form alone that's fair;
Her very thoughts are spotless and sincere.
And those accomplishments of wit and youth,
Are only emblems of her inward truth.
Lift, Oh ye fair! And when ye read these lays,
Think not, my muse, too lavish in her praise.
As fair, as good, as woman-kind can be,
So fair, so good, so virtuous is she.
But words avail not, sighs are breath'd in vain;
Yet where's the man that could from sighs refrain.
Was he with LAURA, lovely LAURA bless'd;
Or one that was with LAURA's worth possess'd;
And from that worth like me compel'd to part,
How would it tear, how would it grieve his heart!
'Tis such can weigh, and such can weigh alone,
My inward griefs, by judging of his own.

For

For so has fate decreed ! Oh ! hard to tell,
We now must part, my LAURA, Oh ! farewell !
Farewel, each scene of bliss, each silent grove,
Ye dear retreats of Innocence and love.
Now tow'rd's the shore my wishful eyes I cast,
And think with grief on each enjoyment past.
Each recollected pleasure makes me smart,
And LAURA's absence wrings my aching heart.
Where's now I cry, where's now the lovely Vale ?
Where to my LAURA first I told my tale ;
A tale of fondness, which my fair approv'd,
And blushing own'd how tenderly she lov'd.
Her sighs lent fragrance to the sweetest breeze,
And added beauties to the budding trees,
When she was absent all things seem'd to mourn,
But each grew sprightly on her dear return ;
No sounds of discord ever did appear,
Nought cou'd seem harsh, if LAURA was but there ;
But Oh ! my Muse, let drop the story here,
Forget the subject, stop the gushing tear.
Father of influence, thou good supreme,
Inspire my song, and be thyself the theme.

Earth,

Earth, ocean, air, what boundless space contains,
 From thine immense omnipotence emanates.
 Teach me to trace thine hand thro' all thy ways,
 Or in the earth or thro' the boist'rous seas.
 While toss'd on billows ; cast on foreign shores,
 Or in the power of more than savage MOORS,
 Tho' this sad traffic scarce will bear appeal, *
 Yet, LORD, thy servant only goes to heal.

An active life thy just commands enjoin,
 My spirit ecchos, be employment mine,
 To bind the broken bones, to pour the oil,
 To ripen, and discharge the painful boil.
 To ease the throbbing breast, or aching head.
 To

* The AUTHOR of this piece was lately engaged in a voyage to AFRICA, in the capacity of *Surgeon* ; upon which voyage all on board was killed, excepting himself and two others, who were in a most miraculous manner preserved, after having been exposed to the shot of not only the NEGROES, but also to the shot of Capt. FISHER, for several hours.

————The VOYAGE is DANGEROUS.

————And the TRADE's UNJUST.

To be attendant at the sick-man's bed.—
The meanest office sinking life requires,
Is well consistent with my warm desires.
Point out the way thou leader of the blind,
Where I may faithfully assist mankind;
Or in this liquid world, or elsewhere,
Thy providence sees meet I should repair,
Mean while do thou my drooping soul sustain,
While sad presages give me constant pain.
Oh! Thou can'st lull this intellectual strife,
And bear me safely thro' the storms of life.
Whilst thou vouchsafes the lab'ring bark to steer,
Avaunt distrust and melancholy fear.



PART.

P A R T II.

A

C A L M.

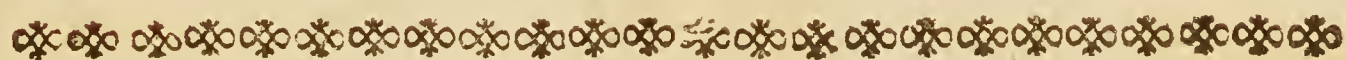
*He maketh the Storm a Calm, so that the Waves
thereof are still.——*

P S A L M CVII. Ver. 29.



A

C A L M.



THE winds are hush'd ; each wave
(as tho' asleep,
T Forgets to murmur o'er the silent
(deep
The sea's smooth surface undisturb'd.
(doth lie,

Nor feels the breathing of the spangl'd sky.
Not the least noise the silent air invade,
Even eccho's self is undisturbed laid ;
Each lip is seal'd, no wisp'ring voice or sound
Strikes on the ear thro' all this spacious round.

B U T

BUT oh ! how soon this level glassy form,
 May be disturb'd by some rough boisterous storm ;
 How soon this plain, may up to mountains rise,
 And tho' 'tis now so calm, may mount to skies.

EVEN so the most secure, whose peaceful breast,
 May seem to promise many years of rest ;
 But let the breath of malice o'er them blow,
 Their promis'd bliss is turn'd to scenes of woe.

THAT this is true, experience daily shews,
 By turns, all living, the sad trial knows ;
 The crowned head, the reverend, and the brave,
 The happiest mortal, or the wretched'st slave.
 The old, the young. the hoary head, and youth,
 One time or other proves this to be truth.

The moon is now advancing on her way,*
 And sheds her influence o'er the glassy sea ;
 Our bark, as tho' by former gales oppress'd,
 Now void of motion seems to be at rest.

Her

* Now reigns full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing
 light,————Shadowy sets off the face of things.

Her stately masts as steady seem to stand,
As when in trees they grew upon the land ;
The sails which caught each favourable blast,
Are now becalm'd against each lofty mast.
Lo ! how secure each sailor seems to dose,
No thoughts of home their mind can discompose ;
Stretch'd on a plank, they seem to sleep as sound,
As tho' they did with India's wealth abound.

From sweet content more riches surely flow,
Than from the mines of envied Mexico ;
The harden'd tar, by custom taught to roam,
Forget the past, nor fear the ills to come.

Scarce aught they have, or do they care for aught,
Say why so careless---'tis their want of thought ;
Strange may th' assertion seem, yet true as strange,
Most sailor's minds like wind or weather change.

Or shall I copy from great Dryden's song,
They're every thing by fits, but nothing long ;
Oh ! thoughtless men, arise, arise and view,
The space between eternity and you.
For though you seem securely here to sleep,
A single plank divides you from the deep ;

C

Should

Should that give way, at once the soul is hurl'd,
With all its crimes into the other world.

These dreadful truths are prov'd at different times,
On different people and in different climes;
Few months escape that don't the tidings bear,
And from the widow force the gushing tear.

All nature seems to doze, Oh! Muse awake,
And here a survey of creation take;
Rouse ev'ry sense and cast thine eyes abroad,
To view the hidings of the power of God. †

A theatre vast where light'nings dart their fire,
And dreadful storms in wisp'ring breaths expire;
Where horrid thunders do their rage discharge,
And

† *Hab. iii. ver. 4.* There was the hidings of his power.—Nothing in my opinion can exceed the sublimity of this expression of the Prophet; for after we have pry'd into the most accurate parts of creation, after all our enquiries into the nature of things—we find our selves lost in a maze, and one enquiry is only productive of another; nay, when we are arrived at the very height or summit of human wisdom and learning, all our boasted accomplishments serve only to vindicate this greatest of truths, and to shew to our weak, our limited capacities, the hidings of the power of God.

And worlds on worlds unnumber'd, roll at large.

Those stars which seem so small to human eyes
Are brilliant worlds of an enormous size ;
Tho' their great distance and stupendious height,
Do hide their largeness and conceal their light.

Tho' small they seem, and with such faintness glow
They pass in bulk this speck of earth below ; †
And all in silent eloquence proclaim,
The glorious author of their radiant flame.

How great must be his power who did command
From nothing, to existence, sea and land ;
By whose bare word the Sun deffus'd his light,
And from a chaos drove the shades of night.

Transcendent power ! a power surpassing thought !
From

† The diameter of the planet Jupiter is calculated at 130653 Miles, while his orbit is reckon'd to consist of 895134000, which computation according to the rules of Astronomy and laws of proportion, may be applied to other planets whose immense bulk exceeds this lower earth by thousands of miles.— This planet, says the learned *Sir Isaac Newton*, is 200 times as large as this terrestrial globe,—and the planet Saturn 90 times as large, so that this earth may with propriety be reckoned only as a speck compared with such immense bodies.

From nothing, all things to existence brought :
 And form'd them all on such a glorious plan,
 As spoke his power, and shew'd his love to man.

A single fiat from Jehovah's tongue,
 Each planet in its proper orbit hung ;
 Taught each to run the limits of its race,
 And drew dimensions of its rolling space.

He fix'd them so that in six thousand years,
 No variation in their course appears ;
 Revolving time may change terrestrial things,
 Exalting beggars, or debasing kings.

The harden'd rock by times's corroding hand,
 May crumble into particles of sand ;
 Nay, that which once compos'd high Atlas brow,
 May be a sand-bank in the deep e'er now.

But here no revolution can take place, †
 Nought

† “ The planets, and all the Heavenly bodies perform their courses and revolutions with so much certainty and exactness as never once fail'd ; but for almost six thousand years cometh constantly about to the same period in the hundredth part of a minute.”

STACHOUSES'S *Hist.* of the *Bible.*

Nought can diminish, or expand the space ;
That word alone their motion can controul,
Who gave them light and taught them how to roll;
View this expanse, these brilliant sparks proclaim,
The mighty power from whence this lustre came ;
Each star proclaims it as it sheds its light,
And L U N A tells it to the sable night :
The sun, the earth, the sea, each distant cloud,
God made us all, all nature cries aloud.



P A R T.

P A R T III.

A

Moderate B R E E Z E.

*He caused an East wind to blow in the Heavens, and
by his power he brought in the South wind.*

Psalm lxxviii. ver. xxvi.



A

MODERATE BREEZE.

P A R T III.



THE morn appears, th' enliv'ning
[source of day,
Now from the Eastward's rolling on his
[way ;
From yonder horizon behold him
[rise,

With what a hue he paints the Eastern skies.

As he advances, see the mists retire,

And noxious vapours by his heat expire,

As snow dissolves before the scorching fire.



The

The winds are roused from their peaceful sleep,
 And wisper murmurs o'er the list'ning deep ;
 The waves are now awake, and gently glide,
 Each pressing forward, on each other ride.

In this they seem to imitate mankind,
 For so aspiring is the human mind,
 All would be first, none cares to be behind. }

For wealth we see each individual strive,
 Heir presses heir, at grandeur to arrive ; †
 With force these waves now push each other on,
 And one comes forward as the other's gone.

How pleasing is this cool refreshing gale,
 The chearful breeze now fills each lofty sail ;
 Serene's the sky, wind fair and weather clear,
 With flowing sheets before the wind we steer.
 All sails are set, and thro' the sea she plows,
 While foaming waves are roaring round her bows.

Here in a cluster see the happy train,
 Free from all thoughts of a distemper'd main ;
 No discord in their breast can find a place,
 For sweet content is figur'd on each face.

Arm'd

† Heir presses heir, like wave impelling wave.

DRYDEN.

Arm'd with full bowl now nought but pleasure reign,
Tom drinks to Jack, and Jack to Tom again ;
Each in his turn, tells all his amours o'er,
Relating each adventure on the shore.

No secret fault or failing now is hid,
Jack takes a pride to tell the ills he did ;
His lewd aspersions on the fair he'll pour
And name you fifty whores in half an hour.

His messmates all attentive, round him sit,
Rap out an oath, and swear that Jack has wit.
The mug replenish'd, briskly round doth pass,
Each tar now drinks unto his fav'rite lass.

Here Moll, cries Will, I must not thee forget,
Thou ne'er deny'd me of a favour yet !
Was't not for thee, who stops my wild career,
I often should (I own) to Dig-lane steer.

Or perhaps to New-street, on which wretched coast,
So many clever fellows have been lost :
But thour't the anchor by the which I ride,
Through adverse winds, and stem the tempting tide.

Forgive ye judges, O ! forgive my Muse,
Who scorns with lies your ears for to abuse,
Such talk's obscence, I cannot it excuse.

D

Their

Their constant topic's still upon the fair,
Whom they've seduc'd, they tell how, when and where ;
I mean some few, who dead to common sense,
No virtue prize, but sport with innocence.

Amphibious wretches, monsters of the sea,
Whose only study is for to betray ;
Think you my sentiments are too severe,
I appeal for justice to the injur'd fair :

In their behalf I'll use my faithful pen,
To brand the vices of degen'rate men,
Such men there are, nor will they cease to be,
Whilst men O TITTLE copy after thee ; *
To blush with shame, is foreign to thy race,
No crimson e'er was in an Ethiop's face,
And none so stupid, or so dimly blind,
But from thy looks may trace a vicious mind.

But here I'd not be thought to censure all,
Or let the lash upon the guiltless fall ;
Many there are, who do such crimes detest,

And

* A mulatto captain who sails out of Liverpool.

„ No friend to God, a foe to all mankind”.

And these my muse would sever from the rest.

I know the wretch whom this my cap doth fit,
Will damn my genius, and condemn my wit :

I value not his censure, or his praise,
I'd shun alike, his colour and his ways.

Of such I'd speak, to warn succeeding times,
To shun the mischiefs of his hateful crimes ;
To warn them from a DIZIA's rule to fly, *
DIZIA who did my peace of mind destroy.

PART

* DIZIA an *African* lady,
Whose sooty charms he was so wrapt in,
He strait ordain'd her second captain ;
So strict was she in ev'ry matter,
She even lock'd the jar of water :
And whil'st in that high station plac'd,
No thirsty soul a drop must taste.

PART IV.

A S T O R M.

*The Lord sent out a great Wind into the Sea, and
there was a mighty Tempest in the Sea, so that the
Ship was like to be broken.*

Jonah chap. i. ver. 4.



A S T O R M.

P A R T IV.



OW silence reigns, and nature seems
[to pause, +
N My soul astonish'd wonders at
the cause,
My muse now shudders at the
scene she draws.

The

+ "We often see against some storms, a silence in the heavens.
"the rack stand still, the bold wind speechless, and the orb
below as hush as death".

SHAKESPEAR.

The sea's quite smooth, the whispering winds are still,
No single breath strikes on the lofty sail;
These frowning skies forebode the brooding storm;
These clouds the troubled atmosphere deform.

How black and awful looks the lofty sky,
Now thunders roar, and dreadful light'ning fly;
Where's now those colours, where that lovely hue,
The blushing crimson, and th' enliv'ning blue?
All now are fled, and in their room appear,
Dark gloomy clouds which ruder aspects wear.
The bursting mounds surcharg'd with liquid fire,
In torrents from th' incumbent weight retire;
And with such dismal furrows gore the deep,
They surely must along the bottom sweep.
The trembling bark now shakes beneath our feet,
As if offended with such loathsome weight;
The timbers shake and see the lofty sail,
Now borne away before the boisterous gale.

The mainmast's gone, and see the lofty sea,
Hath broke the gipes and swept the boats away:
From stem to stern the boist'rous waves do roll,
And dart confusion to th' affrighted soul.

Oh!

Oh ! miserable sight, oh ! depth of woe,
How shall we act, or whither can we go ;
Alas my country ! oh my native shore !
My fears presage I ne'er must see thee more.

Yet could I have but one dear parting view,
But one faint glance, to bid a long adieu,
E'er this last scene of action's at an end,
To bid farewell to every happy friend.

Farewell to all, Oh ! dreadful thought to life,
And what's more precious still, farewell my wife ;
How will my LAURA, how my better part,
Will thou my fair one, fortify thy heart.

But oh ! who can escape the tale to tell,
How Strephon, once the happy Strephon fell ;
Could but my soul sweep through the distant air,
To breath my woes to LAURA's tender ear.
To tell my fair that with my latest breath,
I breath'd my fondness in the pangs of death ;
But soon, alas ; she'll be depriv'd of me,
Our tender infant, fartherless must be,

When I am gone, where is one pitying friend,
Will sooth their woes, or their assistance lend ;

Distracting

Distracting thought, not one will heed their cries,
Redress their wants, or with them sympathise.

But hear, just heavens ! hear my latest prayer,
And though thou thinks not fit my life to spare,
Yet take my widow to thy tender care. }

But ah ! what voice is that for ev'ry breath,
Seems loaded with the horrid sound of death ;
She's sprung a leak, and to complete our woes,
The foresail in a thousand pieces goes.

And with it's fled our hopes, for now the sea,
Quite o'er the vessel makes a common way ;
The waves now with tremendous fury hurl'd,
Throws threat'ning death around the liquid world.

The lab'ring bark, with all her load doth rise,
The mounting ridge, and seems to skim the skies ;
Then plunging in the hollow deep again,
She lies quite hid beneath the rising main.

No human art or strength can ought avail,
Or keep her steady in the boist'rous gale ;
'Tis he alone, who can a calm command,
Who holds the winds and waters in his hand. †
Or

† Job xxviii ver. 24 and 25. He looketh to the ends of
the earth and seeth under the whole heavens.—To make the
weight for the winds, and he weigheth the waters by measure.

PART V.

S H I P W R E C K.

*And there came down a Storm of Wind on the lake,
and they were filled with water, and in Jeopardy——
and they came to him and awoke him, saying, Master,
Master, we perish.*

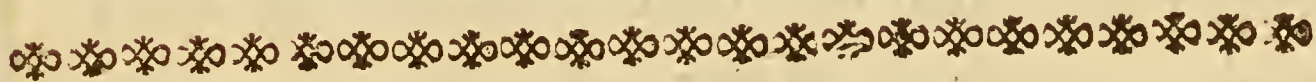
Matthew chap. viii. ver. 23 and 24.

E



SHIPWRECK.

PART V.



XXXXXXXX O O D Heavens ! have mercy, see
G (the rudder's gone,
Straight overboard let all the guns be
(thrown ;
'Twill make her livelier o'er the sea
(to ride,

But keep the weighty metal from the side.
With downcast looks, each hand to work now goes,
And o'er the side the pond'rous cannon throws ;
When

When lo ! mountainous rolls a lofty sea,
Which sweeps the mate and seven hands away.

The rest affrighted know not where to go,
For every place is fill'd with scenes of woe ;
The shatter'd gunnel, a dread aspect wears,
And op'ning sides now aggravate our fears.

No pen can paint, or human tongue express
Our situation in this deep distress ;
Nought but disorder here my Muse can trace,
For death hath stamp'd confusion on each face,
Now some in pumping of the ship's employ'd,
Whilst others trap with cords each lab'ring side ;
But all's in vain no human art avails,
Each art is try'd, but ev'ry trial fails.

Oh ! how dismay'd each sailor does appear,
Now void of hope, they almost dead with fear ;
There see on bended knees, with uplift eyes,
Some call for mercy to the threat'ning skies ;
Whilst others loudly of their fate complain,
They wish to be at home, but wish in vain ;
Their sad complaints almost outroar the wind,
Bemoaning all the friends they've left behind.

There

There see the husband, with distraction wild,
Now calling on his absent wife and child ;
But now, oh ! shocking sight, he met his fate,
And does fresh terror in each breast create.

In vain he grasps the cords, the lofty sea
From all that's dear now tears his life away :
But see above yon surface, see him rise,
Hark, hark how loud ; he on his Delia cries,
But all's in vain, alas!--he drowns---he dies. }

To this sad scene attend ye British fair,
And in our absence learn to be sincere ;
If e'er you're tempted by the fulsome beau,
Paint to your mind this piteous scene of woe.

Fly from each wretch, who dare such freedoms take,
And shun their presence, as you'd shun a snake ;
Whose spotted outside, or whose gilded skin,
Serves but to hide the venom that's within.

But here my Muse, in pensive numbers say,
How many fell on that unhappy day :
That dreadful day, when woes on woes did rise,
And all thy soul stood trembling in thine eyes.
This hour, cries one, I fear must be our last,

Our

Our pumping's vain, she gains upon us fast ;
The horrid sound makes all our blood run cold
For seven feet of water's in the hold.

But now, alas ! I tremble as I write,
The bare remembrance does my Muse affright ;
The time's at hand, when that my soul must be
For ever blest, or doom'd to misery.

Begone each worldly thought, for now no more,
Must I, alas ! revisit Britain's shore ;
No more, oh ! worse than death, my LAURA see,
The very thought's as bad as death to me.

But hear me heaven's, and when I'm no more,
The choicest of thy blessings on her show'r ;
Protect her infants, when depriv'd of me.
May they a God and father find in thee.

And now farewell to all I once held dear,
To all on earth, that's pleasant, good or fair ;
No more on earthly things my muse must rove,
But turn her subject to the realms above.

Look down, look down, great God, with pitying eyes,
Behold our misery, and regard our cries ;
From thy remembrance our past faults erase,
Nor let thy vengeance, 'gainst us, Lord, take place.

Our

Our crimes are num'rous, and thy judgment's just, *
 But oh ! remember, we are nought but dust ;
 Frail sons of men, vile offsprings of the earth,
 By nature vicious, sinful from our birth :
 But thou art God, and canst our crimes forgive,
 And tho' we're sinking now, canst bid us live,

O

* Nothing can be more sublime, than that admirable hymn of
 monsieur Barreaux, struck with a deep sense of past guilt, he
 expresses himself in the following affecting manner.

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité ;
 Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice :
 Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
 Ne me pardonera, sans choquer ta justice.
 Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
 Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du suplice :
 Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité,
 Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.
 Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux ;
 Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
 Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre ;
 J'adore en perissant la raison qui t'aigrit ;
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
 Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de

JESUS CHRIST ?

O speak my God, those healing words, "*I will,*"
 The wind shall cease, and rolling waves be still:
 Save us, good Lord, rebuke the wind and seas,
 And fill our souls with gratitude and praise.

P A R T.

Which I have thus translated, tho' I am conscious I have in a
 great measure robb'd it of its original beauty.

Great good and self-existing God,
 Thy various Judgments spread abroad;
 Thy equity and truth, declare
 Thee slow to wrath, but quick to spare.
 But tho' thy mercy's unconfin'd,
 So frail's my base degen'rate mind;
 I cannot hope—nor dare believe,
 Thou wilt my heinous crimes forgive.
 My faults are of so deep a dye,
 The tears now gushing from mine eye;
 Do only serve to aggravate,
 And urge thee to decree my fate.
 'Tis only left to thee to chuse
 What bolts of vengeance thou wilt use,
 To blast so vile a wretch as me,
 For trampling on thy clemency.
 Strike then great GOD, I only wait,
 By thy decree to meet my fate;
 Amidst my suff'rings i'll adore,
 Thy sov'reign arm, and bless it's power.
 But since all base, all human guilt,
 Is wash'd in blood which Jesus spilt;
 Where can thy vengeance find a place?
 My Saviour's blood fills ev'ry space.

P A R T VI.

T H E

DELIVERANCE.

*my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried
unto my God, he heard my voice out of his Tem-
ple, and my cry came before him, even into his
Ears.*

Psalm xviii. ver. vi.

F

THE

THE

DELIVERANCE

THE DELIVERANCE OF THE
SOULE OF MAN FROM THE
POWER OF THE DEVIL

BY

The DELIVERANCE.

PART VI.

A R K, hark yon cry, the voice calls out
[a sail,
H
And see he comes this way before the gale;
She seems to be a vessel of some force,
And homeward bound, now steers the
channel course

Tis grown less wind, the waves are partly laid,
And now a signal of distress is made ;
Oh joyful sight ! he heaves his vessel too,
And now once more we've happiness in view.

Thank

Thank heaven the gale abates, and look above,
The clouds now seem but slowly for to move;
A thankful look, each happy face now wears,
Each heart is fill'd with joy, each eye with tears
And whilst the torrent from each eye doth break
Our looks confess the thanks we cannot speak.
In wonder lost! we on each other gaze,
Whilst every look proclaims our maker's praise;
And they who lately did at Heaven repine,
Now burst in tears, and praise the power divine.

Our vessel settles fast, but see their boat
Is hoisted out, and on the surface float;
Now here she comes, and jointly 'tis agreed,
To quit our pumps, and fly with winged speed.

All hands with joy the sinking vessel leave,
Nor have they time a single thing to save;
The boat puts off, but is no sooner gone,
Than the sad wreck immediately goes down.

On board we go, where we the tale relate,
Whilst every ear is list'ning to our fate;
Now fore and aft congratulations reign,
Will drinks to Joe, and Joe to Will again.

Recounts

Recounts their sufferings, but forgets the power
That did their lives from threat'ning death restore
O strange to tell, that men cou'd ever be
Reduced to so much stupidity.

The very brutes, to shew their gratitude,
Will lick the gen'rous hand that gives them food ;
But man ungrateful, won't from reason learn,
What brutes from nought, but instinct can discern.
What cry is that which strikes upon our ears,
Hark from aloft ! they cry the land appears !
O joyful sound, see how the people croud,
To have a view—up each ascending shroud.

'Tis holyhead, I see it from below,
Its lofty top is cover'd o'er with snow ;
Brace up the yards, and keep her to the wind,
And now my lad do you your steerage mind.

Set all your stay-sails, get main-tack on board,
'Tis done, the tars obeys the master's word ;
The wind comes aft, my lads the bowlings check,
Up main clew-garnet, quick let go the tack.

Round in your braces, now the wind's come fair,
She goes before it, and the yards are square.

We

We briskly sail, for now both wind and tide,
Is in our favour, and we sweetly glide.

An HYMN.

THE wonders Lord which thou hast wrought,
Far surpass all human thought;
Each scene which to our view doth rise,
Proclaims their great Creator wise.

The glorious sun shines forth thy praise,
The moon and stars which nightly blaze;
To distant worlds they spread abroad
The wisdom of th' eternal God.

The winds which thy commands obey,
Reveals thy wisdom to the sea;
Each breath which o'er its surface creep,
Thy praises whisper to the deep;

Beasts wild and tame in concert join,
And hoarsely praise thy power divine;
The winged songsters of the sky,
Warble the praise of God most high,

Then

Then since all things sound forth thy praise,
Let all mankind their voices raise ;
For man with reason thou'st endu'd,
Which reason tells him thou art good.

Let high and low, let rich and poor,
The lord of life and death adore ;
Let Kings and beggars bow the knee,
And pay the homage due to thee.

PART

Then time all things found their end
 And all mankind their mortal end
 For man who never could be old
 Which nature will not long allow

Let him who would not grow old
 The land of youth and death choose
 Let him who would not grow old
 And pay the penalty due to fate

Print from Part to end

P A R T VII.

The R E T U R N.

Then are they glad, because they be quiet, so he brings them into their desired haven : Ob ! that Men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the Children of Men.

Pfal cvii. ver. 30, 31.

G

THE

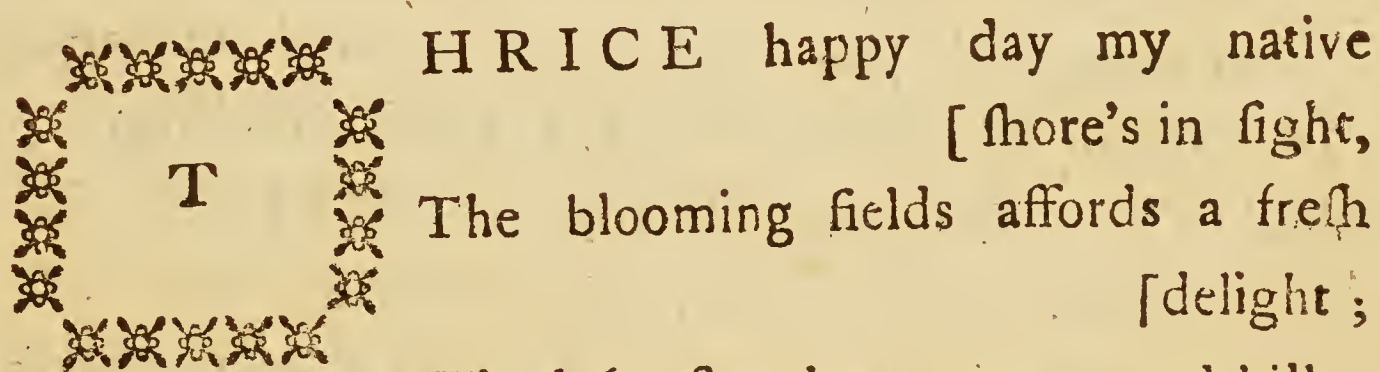
REPERTORY

OF THE
LAW
AND
EQUITY
IN
THE
COURTS
OF
ENGLAND
AND
IRELAND
FROM
THE
YEAR
1700
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME

BY
JAMES
MACKENZIE



PART VII.



H R I C E happy day my native
[shore's in sight,
The blooming fields affords a fresh
[delight ;

The lofty steeples over top yond hill,
Now ev'ry scene my breast with joy
does fill.

No more of storms, my peevish muse shall tell
For on this shore a flow of pleasures dwell;
The fragrant flowers dress'd in their native bloom,
Delights the senses with a sweet perfume.

The

The bending trees o'erloaded with their weight,
Now seem the passing trav'ler to invite;
Luxurient clusters of such various fruit,
Adapted various modes of taste to suit.

"These are thy works, th' enraptur'd poet cry'd,
"These various fruits and flowers we mortals pride;
"If these seem wond'rous to the sons of men,
"Parent of good thyself how wond'rous then",

But here O here I must my life my all,
And she astonish'd at my feet doth fall;
Rise, rise my LAURA O my fair one rise,
Or else thy STEEPHON, faithful STREPHON dies.

For thou hast power my trembling soul to warm,
To drown my sorrows, and my griefs to charm;
And all my suff'rings, all my woes at sea
Are sooth'd, and ev'ry comfort found in thee.

My well known voice th' astonish'd fair one hears,
Lifts up her eyes now fill'd with lovely tears;
The voice is STREPHON's if I may believe
My wond'ring ears, and sure they can't deceive.

She spoke and look'd with all her wondrous charms,
Then left the ground and sprung into my arms;

O tell me STREPHON cries my charming fair,
What chance or fortune brought my STREPHON here:
The dreadful tale I to her ears disclose,
Concerning all our complicated woes.
But now i'm here, freed from the boist'rous seas,
Stir up my soul, and speak thy makers praise,

An H Y M N.

THOU first and last almighty God,
Who rules both seas and skies;
At whose command or at whose nod,
The winds and seas do rise.

Those more than thought can comprehend,
Or human tongue express;
Ne'er hadst beginning or will end,
Eternity's thy space.

From thee alone all nature came,
All that we hear or see;
From dust thou rais'd our mortal frame
An image faint of thee.

Yet

Yet these thy works tho' wondrous great,
Compar'd to thee's but small;
My soul with extacies repeat,
Thy mercy's over all.

'Twas this reviv'd my drooping soul,
And bid me not despair;
Tho' threatning waves did o'er me roll,
Thy mercy Lord was there.

Whilst horrid thunders roar'd aloud,
From the distemper'd sky;
And seem to tell from cloud to cloud,
An angry God was nigh.

Yet tho' offended was our God,
He heard his people pray;
He streight withdrew his threatning rod,
And calm'd the wind and sea.

O! for a voice sweet notes to raise,
To spread this truth abroad;
But O! what voice is fit to praise
The great! the unknown God.

F I N I S.

